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The Challenge of Henry Wallace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

[*The following is an address delivered Sunday, September 22, at the Nation Associates' West Coast Conference in Los Angeles.*]

MR. BYRNES has been sustained and Mr. Wallace has been dismissed from office—and a great issue has been joined. The issue of America's foreign policy is too serious to be lost in intricate debates about subordinate issues. Progressives may disapprove of the tactics used by Mr. Wallace in making his protest against the tendencies prevailing in our State Department. I disapprove of them. I think he should have resigned, and gone out on his own feet. Progressives may disagree with certain of the positions he took: the unimportance of the veto in atomic control or the implied acceptance of "blocs" or spheres of powers—an implication Mr. Wallace has, however, himself disavowed. One may disagree or disapprove or question this or that. But one must not allow these exercises in political analysis to blur the great issue.

Are we to have a progressive, democratic foreign policy? A policy based securely where President Roosevelt intended it to be based—on a close alliance among the three great powers continued into the peace? Or are we to have a foreign policy based on ruthless struggle for power, in which the East and the West compete for the favors of our late enemy in order to build up strong rival coalitions? Within this broad formulation there is plenty of room for debate on detailed specific problems —not insignificant ones. But our approach to those detailed problems, our way of handling them, will be totally different, depending upon which over-all policy we are committed to. This is the great issue that the action of Henry Wallace has raised, and that the country, because of his action, has been forced to face. It will not be pushed aside—not by the ousting of Wallace, or the exigencies of this fall's election campaign, or by the Peace Conference itself. Whether Henry Wallace decides to use the freedom of speech so kindly presented to him last Friday by the President or whether he adheres to the vow of silence previously exacted, the rest of us are obligated to carry on the fight he started.

The battle won't wait even if Mr. Wallace takes a a furlough, for he has set in motion a political operation whose force will begin to dissipate if it is held in suspension pending October 23 or November 5.

For those of us who, not today or yesterday but during the whole desperate struggle for collective security, finally and conclusively lost at Munich and during the war which inevitably followed—for those of us who all these years have argued and campaigned for a democratic American foreign policy, the action of Henry Wallace must be seized upon as a new call to arms. For it is a fact that before Wallace spoke out, the mood of the American people was becoming dangerously apathetic on the one side and more dangerously hysterical on the other. Those who look upon every negative vote by Mr. Molotov as a challenge to the final showdown between socialism and capitalism had begun to talk about a "quick preventive war"—utilizing the modest advantage of the atomic bomb to insure its success. Those who had watched with dismay the hardening ring of mutual provocation and counter-attack, saw no way to crack it. Then came Henry Wallace's proposal that the United States, as incomparably the strongest nation on earth—today literally unassailable, however temporary that immunity may be—should use its power not to win small niggling pin-prick successes on a hundred contested issues at Paris or Lake Success but in a statesman-like effort to crack the circle of enmity by a direct effort to relieve Russia's fears and dissipate its suspicions. He did not say that Russia's fears were all justified. I am dead sure the Administration, of which he and Mr. Byrnes were both members, wants to avoid war with Russia; and that Mr. Byrnes is convinced his policy of meeting stubbornness with stubbornness right down the line is the surest way to avoid war. But granting the peaceful purposes of our government, Mr. Wallace did put his finger directly on a long series of acts and attitudes which, viewed from Moscow, look both hostile and frightening. I don't need to repeat them here. It is enough to say that Henry Wallace would end, promptly and forever, the schoolyard-bully technique in dealing with Russia. "We'll sail our ships wherever we blank blank please" is not a useful

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slogan for the times we are living through. In other words, Wallace would avoid provocations; he would make every legitimate effort to draw Russia back into the Big Three fraternity with all the rights and privileges of membership; he would try to work out closer trade and financial relations with the Soviet Union. And at the same time, he would ask of Russia (as was made emphatically clear in the Madison Square Garden speech) a reciprocal effort at understanding and conciliation.

I think it should be made very plain, however, why Mr. Wallace talked more about American mistakes than about Russian mistakes in his remarkable letter to the President. He did so I am sure because he was not instructing the Kremlin on how to run its foreign relations; he was writing as a Cabinet member to his own chief about American policy. And while I strongly disapprove of both the manners and many of the specific attitudes displayed by our Russian allies, I believe our job is to reform our own foreign policy before we go overboard in excited horror at the policy of the Russians. The elections in Rumania and in Bulgaria may have been of very questionable validity, but our protests might sound a little more impressive if the whole world had not witnessed the successive stages of military control and ruthless extermination of left and liberal elements which culminated in the recent sad plebiscite in Greece.

For the real issue is not an issue arising from the temporary provocations which have become the daily practice on both sides of every frontier in Europe and Asia as well as at Paris. The real issue is the continuance of policies which, before the war, discredited democracies in the face of the worldwide fascist drive and, during the war, sacrificed our friends to placate our enemies and, today, threatens to maintain in power all over the world —in China as in Greece, in Spain as in Latin America— those elements of reaction which can survive only at the expense of every democratic principle we have ever professed.

Mr. Wallace talked about the degree to which American foreign policy has been geared to the necessities of British colonialism. After recent visits to several of those Middle Eastern countries which provide the chief strategic and material underpinnings of the British Empire, I agree that no independent American policy exists in that part of the world; our diplomacy there is wholly subordinate to that of Britain, even against our immediate material interests. But I want to say one thing that may seem to conflict with all I have recently written on Palestine. While Britain is today chiefly responsible for the most glaring mistakes of Western policy, tomorrow's villain is far more likely to be the United States. Slowly, but I think quite certainly, we and the British are exchanging roles.

Lately in the English political weeklies I have detected a new note—a note of fear and suspicion in their discussions of American policy. Labor and liberal writers

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in England are beginning to see in this country a threat not only to peace but to the political objectives for which the Allies pretended to fight. They are coming more and more to look upon us as the great imperialist-isolationist power of the years to come. They have watched the decay of the democratic energy and faith that somehow, under Roosevelt, survived even the shameful expediencies of our policy toward Franco and toward Vichy. They have watched while American power in Europe has been martialed against every manifestation of the social revolution of which the Great War was only a single, if a monumental, act. Liberals and leftists in England, and in France too, today talk about the necessity of "moderating" between the defiant socialist power of Russia and the arrogant capitalist power of America.

They believe, above all, that the fact of fundamental social change in Europe must be recognized and accepted by the United States if peace is to be made and maintained, for they know, as our officials and business men do not know, or refuse to admit, that free enterprise and unplanned economy are finished in Europe. Or perhaps this fact should be stated in reverse: Europe is finished for free enterprise. Finished. And unless we are willing to come to terms with socialism in Europe, there will be no hope of peace and, as a corollary, no chance of the survival of democracy.

The large bulk of Ernie Bevin tends to obscure the shape of things to come in Britain. But I think I am right in my belief that profound changes are taking place. It is possible, of course, that they will be arrested by outside pressure. It is possible that the economic and political influence of the United States will check progress towards socialism in Western Europe, helping to power men and parties which the American authorities consider more likely to preserve our conception of democracy and promote profitable business relations.

This may happen. If it does, the old game of empire will go on for a while longer, and reaction will be shored up in Spain and given a fresh start in Italy. And relations with Russia will get worse. But it need not happen. The United States, it is true, has no labor party, not even an effectively organized national liberal movement. But it has powerful progressive forces within both old parties; not in their top control—even the cadres of the New Deal have been mostly dissipated—but among the independent voters, the people who kept Roosevelt in office and kept the New Deal alive. They are still there, and today they face a new challenge and a new chance.

The challenge is a staggering one. How shall we meet it? Many liberals and radicals are demanding a new national party—a new progressive party to express the will of the great body of American voters who followed the New Deal and Wendell Willkie, and who today look hopefully to Henry Wallace for leadership. I believe this country needs a new party. But I must admit doubts about taking the plunge at this moment. I have lived through two major efforts to start a third national party, one under Theodore Roosevelt, one under Robert La Follette—"Old Bob." Both failed—and I think I know why they failed. Each one was the expression of a strong popular reaction against the Old Guard in power; both enlisted the energies of great numbers of decent independent voters, but neither one was able to command a continuing solid mass support, with strong organizational foundations. I do not believe a progressive third party can become effective or even survive in America unless it emerges from the organized workers. And I do not think the workers are ready to build a labor party in this country.

But I do see immediate hope in a greatly intensified, steady effort to create committees of action, locally and nationally, and through them to penetrate and even, (who knows?) to dominate one of the major parties. I see a desperate need for honest collaboration among progressive groups of all shades, to take the place of the sniping and undermining tactics that today vitiate so large a part of their effort. I see a desperate need of strengthening the few journals of progressive thought and action in America. And I see a possibility of creating, if not a third party, at least an effective realignment within the two old parties, so that the progressive sentiment in this country, which for many years has been the dominant sentiment, can find organized expression in every town and city—and in Washington too.

The time to push the fight is now—between today and November; and then between November, 1946, and November, 1948. The crisis in which we move provides the greatest impetus to action that human beings could find. Henry Wallace has issued a summons to action and a platform to which progressives can rally. Only if we take up that challenge, and take it up with courage and determination, can we check the steady drift in America toward reaction and a new war.

Economic Crossroads

THE national economy has reached a critical point in the road back from war. Superficially, the country has never been more prosperous. Employment is at a record peace-time high. Industrial production is at its post-war peak. Farm output is setting all-time records. Profits are good, hourly wages are far beyond pre-war levels. Yet business men everywhere are complaining about strikes and about interruptions in their production schedules caused by lack of raw materials. Building has been slowed to a walk despite unprecedented need for houses and other structures. There are rumors that goods of all kinds are being held back for higher prices, that raw materials are being hoarded by big firms, and that the little men are being frozen out.

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Although few business men would care to admit it, it is evident that the present economic crisis has arisen chiefly because of the haste to throw off economic controls after V-J Day. Business men insisted that reconversion need not be planned, but one has only to compare the colossal production achievements of the first year of the war with the uneven record of the past year to recognize how wrong they were. The present raw-material shortages are due primarily to the abandonment of the priority system. Gradually some of the wartime controls, particularly in the allocation of materials, are being restored at the demand of the industries concerned. But the primary post-war problem—labor unrest arising from a failure to hold the price line—remains as far from solution as ever.

Labor has been caught in a terrific squeeze between wage controls and increased living costs. The gains represented by the 18½-cent hourly wage increases of last spring have been wiped out by the tide of rising prices. Despite a succession of victorious strikes real wages declined more than 10 per cent in the past year and are still dropping. The government's action in the maritime strike has administered the coup de grâce to the wage formula that seemed so satisfactory a bare six months ago. Confronted with the imminent collapse of the entire stabilization structure, the President has sent out an emergency call to five of his top-flight advisers in the OWMR to work out a new formula.

This new board is under great pressure to abandon wage control altogether. The C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. have both asked that wages be left to collective bargaining and that the government's sole check be the OPA's power to grant or refuse an industry's appeal for higher prices on the basis of increased labor costs. John L. Lewis has gone a step farther and demanded the lifting of both price and wage controls. A substantial section of the press, while blaming labor for the crisis, advocates the elimination of wage curbs as a step in the return to a "free market." The farm bloc is almost hysterical in its demand for an early end to all curbs.

It is virtually certain that if wages are freed from control, the demand for the further decontrol of industrial and agricultural prices will mount until it becomes irresistible. Senator Taft has already launched a campaign to end the control of all prices except rents by spring. The drive for the lifting of the existing controls on meat prices has been reinforced by a virtual strike of meat producers.

The elimination of all wage and price controls might be pleasing to big business, but it would not stimulate production or make for labor peace. Even the most conservative economists are agreed that increased prices would not help much in relieving the current commodity shortages. Time alone can restore productive facilities in the war-torn colonial countries that are among our chief sources of raw material. Meanwhile, a better system of allocation is needed, and that necessitates continued price control. We had a sample last summer of what happens when price control is suddenly ended. If wage controls were also lifted and each industry left free to determine its wage scale by collective bargaining, we should be faced with an even more chaotic situation. For if the Administration's price-wage policy had not been operative then, many of the strikes of that period might still be unsettled.

Out of fairness to labor the new wage formula should be tied more closely than the old to the cost of living and so permit frequent upward adjustments as long as living costs continue to mount. Nothing less will suffice to restore industrial peace. But such a policy will be ineffectual unless at the same time drastic steps are taken to check the upward spiral of prices. Since under the present law the OPA is helpless to prevent wage increases from being translated into price increases, Congress should be called back and forced to face the consequences of its so-called decontrol measures. A Congress that was in emergency session a few weeks before elections could hardly resist popular pressure for a restoration of an effective OPA. If the President holds to his refusal to reconvene Congress, the responsibility for the ensuing economic chaos will plainly be his.

The Shape of Things

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC INTEGRATION OF Europe is an ideal long cherished by *The Nation*. Nevertheless, we read with regret and alarm Mr. Churchill's speech at Zurich calling for a United States of Europe, since advocacy from such a source is calculated to strengthen opposition to the idea. As the London *Times* points out in a critical editorial, many people will conclude that the British Tory leader was really calling for a United States of Western Europe. More than that, they will conclude, and rightly, that what he is after is the creation of a conservative bloc dedicated to the task of stopping Russia. But no genuine union could be built on so negative a foundation, and even if it could, it would inevitably provoke a war which would complete the destruction of Europe. The only hope of bringing European countries together in a positive way lies in the development of integrated socialist economies—a proposal which can hardly command the support of Mr. Churchill. In so far as most European countries are reconstructing their industries on socialist lines, the foundations of greater economic unity are perhaps being laid. The completion of the structure will not be achieved in the early future, but there are some signs of action transcending boundaries. One example is the Anglo-French accord signed in the past few days. Its immediate purpose is the funding of the French commercial debt to Britain on generous terms; but by providing for regular consulta-

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tion between the two countries on trade problems and for the coordination of industrial plans, it also points the way to permanently closer economic relations.

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JOURNALISTICALLY EMBARRASSING BUT least important among the sad aspects of Chester Bowles's defeat at Hartford was the false assumption in these columns last week that he would be the Democratic choice for the governorship of Connecticut. We were not alone, of course, in taking his nomination for granted. Apparently he had more than enough delegates committed to him, he had the formal indorsement of party bosses McMahon and Cummings, and no observer credited any of his rival contenders with half a chance. We did point out, be it recalled, that McMahon's support was "late and grudging" and that there was "some question as to how enthusiastically he [would] deploy his forces" in support of Bowles. The fact is that he deployed no forces at all and confined his enthusiasm to the bald statement that he personally would vote for the former stabilization director. Bowles's only serious rival was Lieutenant Governor Wilbert Snow, who enjoyed the backing of the rural district delegates and the bosses of a few local city machines. With no whips cracked from above, these elements gave Snow enough strength at the start of the roll-call to produce a band-wagon psychology, which McMahon did nothing to head off. Scores of Bowles delegates swung over to avoid the cardinal political sin of being on the losing side, and the deed was done.

Chester Bowles

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IT WOULD HARDLY BECOME US TO BEWAIL the failure of a state boss to dominate a convention, but we do bewail the defeat of Mr. Bowles. And we believe his party will have reason to regret it as much. The rural and small-town Democrats who put Snow across are in the position of Southern Republicans: they have strength at party conventions but are not even expected to deliver their districts in the election itself. The city Democrats on the other hand—particularly labor voters—are angered at the treatment accorded to Bowles and may well forget to go to the polls in November. Moreover, the independent vote, without which the Democrats stand small chance of victory, is far less likely to come out in force for Snow than for a dynamic national figure like Bowles. We can only hope that this will not prove true, because Snow is a proved liberal in his own right and would make a good governor, even though his election would have less national significance than a victory for Bowles. As for Bowles himself, he is young, hopeful, and committed to the political life. He learned a great deal at Hartford, and we are certain that the country has not enjoyed the last of his much-needed services.

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PLAYING THE CLOWN HAS PUT MORE THAN one demagogue in Congress, and Senator Bilbo is now trying to discover whether the same technique can be used to keep him there. "I just had my mouth reamed out," he announced, "and now I got more mouth than ever"; and he explains that those Mississippi citizens who signed a petition asking the Senate not to seat him are only trying "to get me some publicity for my book on racial equality." But his humor has the evil quality of Hermann Göring's, and through it one can detect the same sweaty nervousness, for Bilbo is in real trouble. His indorsement of the Ku Klux Klan and his boast of membership appear to have genuinely shocked many Senators. Worse than that, from the Bilbo viewpoint, they have become a political issue. His right to sit in the Senate is now being challenged before a special committee to investigate campaign expenditures and before the standing Committee on Privileges and Elections. The first of these, which is headed by Ellender of Louisiana and from which little is to be hoped, is soon to hear testimony that Bilbo received a $25,000 campaign gift from a Mississippi firm. The second is to consider evidence that he conducted "the most violent anti-Negro campaign in the history of Mississippi," with thirty Negroes in the town of Greenwood alone kept from the polls by threats of death issued by the mayor in person. The standing committee is weighted with Northerners of both parties, fully conscious that their conduct in the Bilbo affair is being watched back home by all Negro voters and a good many white ones. Two Republican members, Bridges and Ferguson, have characterized the charges as "extremely serious," and the New York State Democratic platform has pledged its senatorial nominee to work for Bilbo's expulsion. In desperation Bilbo has already raised the cry of "Communist plot," thereby for the first time linking the right wing of the G. O. P. with Moscow.

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REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MEAT INDUSTRY arguing before the Control Board in August insisted that meat supplies were adequate to fill demand at reasonable prices. Yet the moment ceilings were reimposed, meat disappeared from the stores. Why? In part the answer appears to be that there is a genuine, though temporary, shortage of finished animals caused by the unprecedented scale of slaughtering during July and

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August, when stock raisers rushed every possible animal they could to market. But this shortage is not the whole explanation. It does not account, for instance, for the disappearance of meat processed during the OPA holiday but not consumed during that period. When controls were reinstituted, there must have been millions of pounds of meat in cold storage. Who is now holding it back? Another question awaiting an answer is the reason for the suspension of buying by the big packers. They say that they cannot buy livestock at prices that will permit them to comply with OPA regulations. Do they mean that they are being consistently outbid by dealers willing to go over the ceilings? If so, they must have some inkling of the identity of these illegal buyers. Have they passed on their information to the authorities? Or are they, in fact, only too anxious to turn a blind eye to violations of OPA orders while they, in company with many wholesalers and retailers, stage a sitdown strike designed to force the abolition of ceilings and to defeat the purposes of the government and people of the United States?

Truman's Second Guess

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, September 22

OUT of the confusion of these last ten days the Washington correspondent can draw only one certain conclusion: American foreign policy will now be debated over the radio, on lecture platforms, in Congress, and throughout the world.

At a press conference last week Assistant Secretary of State Clayton was asked where a government executive who wanted to make a speech could find out what our foreign policy was. The Secretary gulped and referred the reporters to addresses of the President and Secretary of State, and to the newspapers. That is about as much enlightenment on foreign policy as one can get.

The story of these past ten days goes back for its beginning to the last months of Franklin D. Roosevelt's life. Roosevelt had divided the aims of our foreign policy into three parts: first, getting an agreement with Russia to throw all available strength against Japan so the war would end quickly; second, gaining Soviet confidence and cooperation in building a new world; third, the realization of an almost fabulously ambitious program for a global planned economy. F. D. R. had two basic convictions — that economic pressures were the root causes of war, and that civilization could not stand another war. He was willing to make broad concessions to the Russians to gain their support. His feeling toward the British government then in power was one of extreme irritation.

Jimmy Byrnes, former Senator and White House handy man, on becoming Secretary of State started somewhat timidly to follow the Roosevelt approach of granting concessions to Russia. His press conference upon his return from the Moscow and London conferences was almost gay. Byrnes was jubilant. He thought he would be congratulated on all sides for doing a good job. At this meeting with the press he built up a case for his position by revealing major concessions to the U. S. S. R. made at Yalta by Roosevelt. Then he walked across the street to the White House and was grumbled at by Admiral Leahy, chief of staff to the President. What in the hell had he got in return for all he gave the Russians? Truman also was decidedly cool and at his next news conference lashed out fiercely. A reporter had innocently asked, "Do you agree with the State Department policy of . . . ?" Truman cut him off, saying there was *no* foreign policy unless he approved it. The State Department, he said, could have no policy of its own. This was followed by a planted newspaper story from the White House that Byrnes would soon be replaced by General Marshall.

Two more things happened that spring. A Presidential special train bearing Truman and his guest, Winston Churchill, and numerous correspondents gaily left Washington for Westminster College in Missouri. In the evening Churchill's speech was passed out. A British spokesman suggested as a lead: "Churchill proposes Anglo-American alliance as Russian shadow darkens over the world." I remember vividly how the mood of the correspondents changed and their gloomy, frightened comments. Men roamed up and down the swaying train trying to find someone to assure them this was not the beginning of the end of the United Nations. Card games broke up, but no one went to bed early.

Next day Churchill said to a silent, bewildered audience of Midwestern Americans, "A shadow has fallen over the scenes so lately lighted by the Allied victory. Nobody knows what Soviet Russia and its Communist inter-

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national organization intends to do or what are the limits, if any, to their expansive tendencies." President Truman, who had happily introduced Churchill by saying, "I know he will have something constructive to say," sat on the stage playing with the tassel on his mortarboard hat.

Byrnes was pressed from another side. Arthur Vandenberg told the Senate scornfully, "If we abandon the miserable fiction that we somehow jeopardize the peace if our candor is as firm as Russia's always is, and if we assume a moral leadership . . . we must have positive foreign policies."

Secretary Byrnes is, first of all, a consummate politician. All during his political career he has made his way by skilfully gauging the strongest pressures and yielding to them. Early this spring Byrnes put his finger in the wind. The surly, suspicious Soviet nationalism after Roosevelt's death had turned American opinion. Even liberal opinion was dismayed and confused by Russian harshness toward non-Communist progressives in Eastern Europe. But what counted most with Byrnes was that President Truman had been impressed by Churchill and was listening to Admiral Leahy, who makes no secret of his hatred of Russia. The Secretary of State, realizing that the White House was capable of changing its mind every other day, looked around for another source of support. With Senate backing he would be more secure. The man making foreign policy in the Senate was Vandenberg.

For the last four months Vandenberg has been the greatest influence on Byrnes. Decisions made on the lower levels of the State Department, up to and including Under Secretary Acheson, were overruled by Byrnes on advice from the Senator.

The military have had a hand in making foreign policy—MacArthur in Japan, Marshall in China, Clay in Germany, and the military ambassadors to Russia, Belgium, Panama, and the minister to the Union of South Africa.

Byrnes has been playing more closely with the British, too, particularly in the cases of Greece, Yugoslavia, and the Middle East. A big difference of opinion about our Greek policy existed within the State Department, with Dean Acheson protesting against sending the fleet to the Mediterranean.

Except for Wallace and his followers, no one in Washington has any fundamental objection to a firm policy with Russia. But there has been much criticism of the way in which Byrnes has handled the Greek situation, of our policies in the occupied areas, and of the severity of Byrnes's tone toward the Soviet Union. Much of the moderate criticism of Byrnes is stimulated by the indiscreet talk of army and navy brass hats who speak of "the coming war" and refer to Russia as "our enemy."

Admiral Leahy's influence on Truman, plus such factors as our possession of the greatest peace-time army and navy we have ever had, a proposal for industrial mobilization, the delay in taking atomic laboratory control from the army, and plans to turn Germany and Japan into American air bases, has created an atmosphere of uneasiness in Washington. It is feared, rightly or wrongly, that military thinking is a large factor in our foreign policy.

Henry Wallace became deeply concerned. He has a religious faith in the "brave new world." He was badly frightened by the power of the atomic bomb and dreamed of the world going up in flames. He was so shaken that he used the undiplomatic phrase "appeasement of Russia."

At a Cabinet meeting this summer Wallace said our policies were leading to war. He called on Byrnes to develop an independent American policy and accused him of trailing after the British. He expressed these views in writing in the letter released last Tuesday. There followed a series of conversations between Truman and Wallace, with Wallace, who has always got along well with Truman, as the teacher. Truman swung over completely: he is easily convinced, he distrusts the State Department, he has developed a stubborn personal dislike of Byrnes, and he is irritated by the British. Wallace had such influence with his pupil that the President indorsed the New York speech without qualification at his news conference a week ago Thursday.

Tough talking by Vandenberg and Connally over the transatlantic telephone brought a conference between Truman and Bernard Baruch, Byrnes's political godfather. On Saturday Truman reneged part way: he did not sponsor Wallace's remarks as official policy. He still, however, thought Wallace was right. During the two-and-a-half-hour talk between Truman and Wallace last Wednesday the Secretary of Commerce quickly agreed to keep quiet for three weeks until basic agreements could be worked out. The rest of the time was largely devoted to discussing a proposed statement on foreign policy to be issued by the White House. Several main points were agreed to: the United States was devoted to the cause of peace; war was impossible; United States policy was not directed against any country.

Then came the teletype conversation between Truman and Byrnes on Thursday. The situation had become downright "unpleasant" for the President. It was easier to fire Wallace than oppose Byrnes. At ten o'clock Friday morning the telephone rang in the Secretary's office. The White House was calling. The conversation lasted three minutes. Truman was sorry but he wanted Wallace's resignation. Wallace was startled but said he would comply.

Actually Henry Wallace was relieved. Correspondents saw him briefly Friday afternoon and night. He looked like a new man—vigorous, alive, cheerful. He was morally certain of his rightness. He was encouraged by the terrific volume of his mail. A peculiar combination

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of mystic, political figure, and student, Wallace enjoys being the champion of a "righteous cause." Unlike Roosevelt, he wraps himself up entirely in it.

Many officials in Washington stand somewhere between Wallace and Byrnes. Dean Acheson is one. He believes in close cooperation with the British. He is shocked and dismayed by Russian "imperialism." But he thinks Byrnes and the various forces now dominant in foreign policy have gone too far.

The outcome of these ten days depends on the Russians and on American public opinion during an election year. It is a good bet that Jimmy Byrnes will once more put his finger in the wind and shout that he too is fighting for peace.

Greece and Its Allies

BY BASIL VLAVIANOS

PREPARATIONS are being rushed in Athens for King George's return, made possible by the plebiscite held throughout Greece on September 1. Meanwhile, in the towns, in the villages, and in the mountains of that tortured country Greeks are killing Greeks at a steadily increasing rate, and tyranny is once more being imposed upon the people under the old pretext of securing "law and order." The police are seizing citizens without warrants; anti-Royalists are being branded Communist and subjected to all kinds of violence; more and more hounded individuals and families are seeking refuge in the mountains.

This situation demonstrates how inadequate a solution to Greek political problems was provided by a plebiscite held under extremely abnormal conditions. For in spite of the presence of British "observers," and in spite of assertions that exceptional order prevailed on the day of the voting, the fact remains that had the Greek people been left free to decide their future government, they would never have voted for a man who a few years before was busily organizing Greece, according to the New York *Times*, "on the German and Italian models."

The "observers" were correct in stating that there was relatively little physical violence on the day of the plebiscite. But they do not seem to have dealt with the fact that long before the actual voting took place, terroristic bands supported by the government had displaced thousands of democratic voters and had made it impossible for democratic leaders to move freely through the country, visit their districts, or inform the people of the true situation. While the campaign was going on, almost all democratic leaders were held virtually incomunicado in Athens. Moreover—and this is of far greater importance—the Greek people were subjected to tremendous psychological pressure before they voted.

But before going into this, a word about the decision to hold the plebiscite. On September 19, 1945, after long negotiations and a thorough examination of the situation in Greece, a joint statement was issued by the great powers to the effect that in the interest of the Greek people the plebiscite should be indefinitely postponed. This statement was supplemented on November 20, 1945, when the British, in full agreement with the United States government, asked the old liberal leader, Themistocles Sophoulis, to form a government and formally stated that the plebiscite would not take place before 1948. Then, suddenly, in March of this year, the British government went back on its word and declared that—again in the interest of the Greek people—the plebiscite should be held on September 1, 1946.

This was surely a master stroke of old-style British diplomacy. For Greek democratic leaders could not possibly conduct a campaign with terrorism raging in Greece, with the Peace Conference in session, and with the Greek government making constant appeals for unity pending the discussion of Greek questions in Paris.

In the meantime the idea was being widely spread among the Greeks that their only friends were the British, that without British protection the Slavs would have occupied Greece and killed all non-Communists, that British troops were staying in Greece for the sole purpose of saving the country from this menace, and—here is the core—that the British and Americans would be unable to help the country without the presence in Greece of the King, who was their trusted friend.

I was in London not long ago on my way home from Greece, where I had marked the extent and effectiveness of this propaganda. I suggested to friends of mine in and around the British government that the inevitable detrimental consequences of such propaganda could be forestalled by a clear-cut statement that Greece would get British protection and help, no matter what form of government the Greek people chose. The same request was made on many occasions before the plebiscite by prominent Greek liberals—without practical results. Obviously it was too late to expect to change British policy, which for many years had consisted of discouraging Greek democracy by the old method of first dividing the Greek people and then bolstering anti-democratic forces.

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However, British and Royalist propaganda would not have made the headway it did if the Soviet government had not substantially, if unconsciously, assisted. Against whom could the British have pretended that they were protecting Greece if Russia had not revived the old Slavic menace? What could better have reinforced the argument of the Greek monarchists that Greece would be lost without England than Russia's unbelievable support of Hitler's accomplice, Bulgaria, and its still more unbelievable attack on Greece? Greece has always been fearful of the Slavs. Yugoslav nationalists for a long time have had an eye turned toward Salonika, and Bulgarian aggressors have repeatedly attacked Greece in an effort to wrest territory from it. Obviously, Russia hoped that by supporting the Slavs its own access to the Aegean would be facilitated.

The great majority of the Greek people believed, nevertheless, that the old czarist methods had been abandoned by the Soviet government. They believed that after the contributions and sacrifices they had made in the war and the words of encouragement and recognition they had won from the Soviet government, no further attempt would be made by Russia to advance its own interests at Greece's expense. They imagined, on the contrary, that they would have Russia's support for their national claims, and that Russia would be the fountainhead of a new spirit of justice, democracy, and cooperation in the Balkans.

The first blow came when Russia allowed the British Tories a free hand in killing Greek democrats and laying the foundations for the return of the King. Although hardly innocent in the events of December, 1944, the United States protested against Churchill's methods. Russia did not. Then came the senseless behavior of the Greek Communists, who exploited the E. A. M. for their own narrow political aims and used old-fashioned revolutionary methods entirely incompatible with the spirit of popular democracy which they professed. They inspired fear and anxiety not only among the upper but also among the lower classes of the people. Almost every problem with which they were confronted, from the Conference of Lebanon until today, has been handled miserably. Last but not least, the Soviet government disappointed the Greek people by opposing Greek national claims at the Paris conference and by supporting the Axis satellites and attacking Greece before the Security Council of the United Nations.

Russia's support of Bulgaria is against all reason. Bulgaria was an active member of the Axis. It helped Hitler in his war against Russia, invaded Greece, massacred thousands of the people, displaced hundreds of thousands more, and caused indescribable damage to the country. Bulgaria is to the Greeks what Japan is to the Americans, what Hitler's Germany was to the Russians. The Greeks seek no revenge against the Bulgarian people, but they are shocked that Russia should want to deprive them of territories rightfully theirs for the benefit of an Axis satellite, territories 98 per cent inhabited by Greeks. And the argument that an outlet on the Aegean is necessary to Bulgarian trade is no more sensible than would be a demand for Galveston, Texas, on the part of Japan, based on its need for an outlet on the Gulf of Mexico. Moreover, I might point out, Greece has always been willing to grant Bulgaria an outlet in the form of a free port in Alexandronpolis or even Salonika.

Indeed, Soviet reasoning has been remarkable. When Mr. Byrnes praised Greece at the Peace Conference and took up its defense against the Bulgarian claims, Mr. Molotov admitted that everything said about the valuable contribution of Greece to the war was correct. He went even farther, calling Mr. Byrnes to task for omitting mention of the heroic exploits of the Greek resistance led by the E. A. M. This, however, did not keep him from backing the claim of the Slavic group that important Greek territories should be given to Bulgaria.

Then the Ukrainian delegate accused Greece of being a menace to the peace of the world because of the presence of British troops within its borders and because of the character of the present government. But is it not true that British troops entered Greece with the full consent of the Soviet government? Did not Russia agree that Greece belonged to the British sphere of influence? When the Russians call unarmed and devastated Greece a menace to the peace of the world, do they not inevitably create the impression that they are at least as cynical as the British in the pursuit of their interests? When they demand the immediate evacuation of British troops from Greece, what guaranty do they offer that the next day Bulgarian and Yugoslav troops will not invade Macedonia and Thrace? Unfortunately, the spirit of Munich is still so much alive that, under the circumstances, no one can blame those Greeks who feel that their only security lies in the presence of British troops.

The result of the plebiscite held on September 1 can be explained only in the light of these facts. It was not a personal victory for the King. I venture to say that George II is less popular today than he was during the war. Most of those who voted for him did so with the feeling of having to take a bitter dose. And we should not forget that in spite of the tricks, the terrorism, and the psychological coercion, a large part of the Greek people found the courage to vote against the King. According to official estimates, George II got only 68 per cent of the votes. Taking into consideration the character of the present Greek government and the advantages it would naturally have in an election of this sort, we can conservatively assume that more than 40 per cent of the real voters cast their ballot for democracy. That is too many to kill or force into silence.

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By employing tyrannical methods and violence the Greek government will only provoke more violence and strengthen the extremists, just as they strengthen communism by calling all liberals Communists—pushing them into the party through persecution and oppression. If Great Britain and the United States allow these methods to be continued, the outlook for Greece is gloomy. Only democracy can still save Greece and transform it from a battlefield into a bridge between the interests of East and West.

But democracy is more than a word; it is an achievement. And if it is to be achieved in Greece, or anywhere, a sincere and prolonged effort must be made by the great powers. It is extremely sad to have to say that until now they have not made that effort but on the contrary have sought to discourage democracy almost everywhere.

Politics and the Intellectual

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

DURING my six months in Europe I left France several times to visit other countries. Each time I returned to Paris I sensed a change for the better, not only in the material aspects of the city but in the spirit of its people. Where this change was least reflected was in the intellectual magazines; the August issues looked very much like those of last February—in both one found the same inevitable articles on existentialism.

If philosophy is the mirror of an era, the expression of the collective conscience at any given moment in a nation's life, then it is proper that my last article in this series on Europe should be devoted to a movement that has brought together some of the most brilliant minds of France. After the Bergson vogue and the more significant Nietzsche vogue, we are now witnessing another philosophical upsurge in France and in many other Western countries. Existentialism is already familiar to American readers, but its political meaning has been little discussed. Its popularity derives not so much from its way of dealing with problems as from the problems themselves, which grip the mind and emotion of all thinking men.

Existentialism received its first strong impetus from Germany, where two professors of the University of Baden—Heidegger and Jaspers—founded a new school of philosophy. Actually the ideas they advanced were not original; theirs was a kind of second-hand existentialism based on principles which the Danish philosopher, Soren Kierkegaard, a disciple and later an enemy of Hegel, had enunciated at the beginning of the century. Nor could the Baden professors even claim the credit of having discovered Kierkegaar; years ago that genial Spaniard, Miguel de Unamuno, talked to me enthusiastically of Kierkegaard and had already written an essay on the fundamental aspects of his philosophy in "The Tragic Sense of Life." From Germany the existentialist spark was carried to France, where soon it began to burn brightly in many intellectual circles.

In France the keeper of the flame is Jean-Paul Sartre. No one could be more French than he, more versatile and many-sided. Sartre is not only a philosopher but a poet as well, an admirable example of the "thinker-poet," as Jaspers somewhat enviously used to describe men like Kierkegaard and Unamuno. Novelist, playwright, critic, and essayist, Sartre uses his philosophy and his poetry as interchangeable instruments. The protagonists of his novels and plays are created to illustrate his philosophy, and at the same time these creatures of his poetic imagination provide the subject matter of further philosophical elaboration. Sartre has the advantage over his teachers of being, or aspiring to be, a man of action. He is not a philosopher of the library or of the salon who tries to escape contact with the street. The distinction of his disciples, like the gifted Simone de Beauvoir, and the homage paid him in both the Bohemian cafes of Paris and the austere university centers of the provinces do not satisfy his ambition to reach great masses of people. I have the feeling that he would gladly exchange his élite following for one of those noisy, enthusiastic crowds that invade the Vélodrome d'Hiver for a great political rally. But, for reasons which I shall try to explain, Sartre's cherished dream of becoming the cicerone of France's political renaissance will never be fulfilled.

The main reason why existentialism has failed to attract a mass following is its lack of faith in the sustained collective effort by which the French people turned defeat into resistance. Instead of strengthening the élan that carried the nation through the most terrible ordeal of its history, the existentialists delight in emphasizing the tragic aspects of human existence, the fate of man whose last great effort is the effort to die. These are familiar themes, old as time itself—reflections on the misery and futility of man's existence, periodically re-

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discovered by the philosophers in every age and expressed usually with insupportable dulness or, occasionally, as in the case of Schopenhauer, with grace and humor. The single contribution of existentialism has been to inject into the old lamentations the theories perfected by modern psychologists to explain *la condition humaine*.

Cast into an alien world, buffeted by mutually antagonistic forces, groping blindly between two eternities, man stands on shifting ground, ignorant of whence he came and where he is going. Pascal in his "Pensées" expressed all this in terms of classical elegance. The Baden professors and their disciples have chosen to force these tortures of the soul into a rigid philosophical system. The anguish of the existentialist is a "Kierkegaardian" anguish, a cosmic worry born of the inability to overcome weakness and the constant preoccupation with death. "Nothingness" occupies a large place in Sartre's philosophy; it is present everywhere, brooding and oppressive.

In describing life all existentialists use the same dark palette. It is only when they draw the conclusions from their analysis that the proponents of the new philosophy part ways. Believers like Jaspers, who tend toward the religiosity of Kierkegaard, escape from hostile reality by projecting their thoughts on to a transcendental plane. The atheists, on the other hand, reject the consolation of faith. Their phenomenological introspection has led them to conclude that there is no God, and so they are unguided and defenseless. They would be left absolutely naked were it not for a small fig leaf called "human freedom." "Man is created free," said Schiller. But Sartre, who does not accept the existence of God, cannot take over the formula of the German poet. Man creates himself, says Sartre. First he "exists" and then he "thinks."

For Sartre it is imperative to push the concept of a world without a God to its ultimate conclusion, since only in such a world can emerge the truly free man, dependent on himself alone, owing nothing to anyone. His responsibility thus is enormous: he has taken upon himself the direction of the destiny of mankind. Sartre asks of man the attitude of the old Stoics who resisted the assaults of a hostile world with unalterable equanimity and retained, even in defeat, the consciousness of their own superiority.

But while this gospel of strength makes the philosopher Sartre sound very impressive, the poet Sartre speaks to us in a different tone. His novels and plays present a series of frail, depraved, insane, or homosexual characters that prove existentialism a rather poor instrument for creating men. A little functionary, impelled by an irrational hatred of all mankind, fires blindly into a group of passers-by; a wife who cannot bring herself to leave her mad husband finally escapes into the world of madness; a woman who has tried to live apart from the man she despises returns to him in the end, knowing well that he offers nothing but the saddest erotic compensations. With minor exceptions Sartre gives us only the negative aspects of life. It is a long walk through the infernal region that we take under the guidance of this modern Virgil.

It was natural that existentialism should attract the intellectuals, precipitated out of war into an era of disruption in which only the very strong can hold firm. The last world war produced a group of sensitive, at times remarkable, writers for whom the clash of arms had been almost too much to bear. But that literary generation was pampered by destiny in comparison with the poor intellectuals of World War II. The writers of the early twenties had not yet suffered disillusionment with the Revolution; the purges and internal struggles on the left were to come; the League of Nations still held promise; the dry rot of fascism had not yet infected the middle class. In 1946 few intellectuals in either Europe or America see a way out through positive political action. Classic fascism has been discredited forever, and neofascism is still in the making; traditional social democracy appears weak and vacillating, while communism is for many of them essentially the negation of free thought. In sullen irritation they turn their backs on those who go on fighting because they believe in the ultimate victory of the left and follow blindly any new faith whether it is labeled existentialism, sixth international, or world government.

Sartre is too much a man of his time not to feel irresistibly attracted by the proletariat. But it is a love that is not reciprocated. Without having read either Kierkegaard or Heidegger, the workers of France have a clear idea of the world in which they live; a profound instinct puts them constantly on guard against the seduction of the Sartre doctrine. Though he has asserted that his conception of man is little different from that of Marx, his tendency to view objects solely as phenomena or representations makes him suspect. In the final analysis he takes his place with Husserl and the empirio-critics with whom Lenin years ago crossed swords. To the miners of France who sweated last winter to increase coal production, the objects of this world are not mere phenomena but hard and resistant things the handling of which tires arms and shoulders. What attraction for them can be found in poor creatures, frail and wavering, in whom every impulse toward freedom is drowned in a sea of contradictions? What can the workers find in an empty heroism that is the very negation of life, that suspends judgment on the social past and reads only futility into the social future? What could appeal less to a class that has before it the concrete task of finishing the social revolution than Sartre's defeatist phrase: "Never were we freer than under the German occupation"?

Of course the Resistance presented the intellectuals with few of the contradictions that cloud the meaning of

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the present conflict. Vichy drew a dividing line: on one side the *capitulards,* on the other the *résistants.* A kind of brotherhood of decency reunited the seigneur and his servant, the industrialist and the toolmaker, the atheist and the priest. Everyone knew his post; he had no doubts. Looking back, the existentialist asks himself whether a hero's death might not have been easier than the return to the confused and prosaic struggle of today. Now he must listen patiently as an uninspired Assembly debates a new constitution that in the end will broadly resemble the old one; as power politicians at a peace conference destroy bit by bit all hope in the century of the common man. Now he must watch the Socialists engaging in the same tactics that thwarted working-class unity between the two wars, and the Communists riding roughshod over sincere anti-fascists who dare to voice the slightest criticism of party tactics or policy. In a word, he is being asked to travel the painful road of revolution, to accept retreats along with apparently insignificant advances, to plunge resolutely into a task which calls for work, strong nerves, and a certain capacity for humor and contempt.

That is too much to ask of the average intellectual. In every great crisis he searches for an avenue of escape in some new philosophical or artistic doctrine. World War I produced dadaism; World War II, existentialism. And each school had its own comfortable physical shelter from the storm: in 1914 it was the Cabaret Voltaire; today it is the Cafe de Flore.

Paradoxically, the one who feels least comfortable in that shelter is the one who created it. Sartre is continually leaving his charmed circle in search of contacts with the left. In an article Mise au point, published by the Communist weekly *Action,* and in a volume entitled "L'Existentialisme est un humanisme," Sartre attempts to answer the principal objections to his doctrine raised by Naville and other Marxist critics with whom he is in constant disagreement. He dismisses the charge of pessimism by saying that if man is free, as he himself has asserted, then it is within his power to change the world to conform with his ideals. Almost as if to illustrate this point, Sartre injects a new note into his latest novels. Now the cosmic worry contains overtones of pity for man faced with immense responsibility in every moral decision. Desperation assumes the nature of a warning that man must depend on himself, that he cannot rely for help on any external force, supernatural or historical. Man is alone, but this solitude endows him with enormous energies and unexpected possibilities.

Unfortunately, at the very moment when he appears ready to take the step toward positive action, Sartre falls back into the confusion and contradiction of his earlier works. For he is, above all, an incorrigible irrationalist. Reason is his enemy. He leaves everything to intuition and inspiration. His heroes—like Mathieu of "Chemins de la liberté"—are always looking for some emotion or inspiration that will impel them along the road to action. Freedom as conceived by Sartre offers not the slightest guaranty of success. It suggests a painful mountain ascent, with the climber in constant danger of falling into the abyss and the final goal wrapped in an impenetrable blanket of clouds. This kind of freedom negates the influence of man's will on human actions. The simplest issue raises questions of whether one is doing the right thing. Often we see the protagonists of Sartre's novels suddenly forgetting their role and acting in a way that contradicts their character. We are faced with a logical discontinuity.

Sartre himself has described an incident which reveals the full measure of his vacillation. A young man, faced with an important decision, came to him for advice. Sartre sent him away without an answer because, he says, the boy's course was determined in advance. "He contemplated a concrete action, whose implications he understood perfectly and which he would undertake with comrades he knew and trusted. But he could only engage himself for a limited time. How can he commit himself irrevocably to an action that will continue beyond his death, when he has no way of knowing what his comrades will do once he is gone? Who can tell—at that moment they might decide to reestablish fascism." Georges Mounin is right when he says that the social revolution of which Sartre dreams has evolved to such a subjective plane that it no longer holds any terrors for capitalism.

If the existentialist philosophy is carried to its ultimate conclusion, the entire history of the world resolves itself into a series of private, unrelated actions which have no real meaning. History becomes a carrousel of human events, or rather of human accidents, turning round and round without ever reaching a destination. In such a situation man must either accept collective suicide, as was suggested by the German philosopher Hartmann, who long before the advent of the atomic bomb envisaged the day when men would by common consent dig a great hole in the earth, line up in it, and blow themselves to pieces; or he must rely on the heroic but isolated actions of individuals whose personal genius has lifted them above the impotent mass.

Sartre's doctrine, like his literary work, is still in the process of formation. He has just announced that he is writing a treatise on ethics. His novel—a trilogy—still awaits its third part. In his last book three names—Descartes, Kant, and Marx—began to compete with those of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, and Jaspers; perhaps through them he may find a way out of his own contradictions. But as it stands today, existentialism, for all political purposes, is a confusing, negative, self-defeating doctrine. From existentialism to cynicism the way is easy;

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and it is always in the ranks of the disillusioned that reaction finds, in the decisive moment, the intellectual complicity so useful in making every retreat appear harmless, even praiseworthy, to those who no longer have the nerve to fight.

Let the existentialists, or their successors, enjoy the liberty to make Nothing the hero of their poems, novels, plays. One may admire their virtuosity; enjoy their ingenuity. But their exercises must not be permitted to confuse or depress those who are carrying on the fight to free the world from the forces—intellectual as well as political and social—which have produced two major wars in twenty-five years. If the post-war philosophers are too weak to fight the hard battles that lie ahead, they should stay away from politics and surrender their claim to leadership.

Better Pay for Better Teachers

THE GLENCOE PLAN IN ACTION

BY M. R. CUNNINGHAM, JR.

VISITING an empty schoolroom, a skilled observer can tell quickly, from the work thumbtacked on the walls and the notes on the blackboard, whether the teacher has the life and imagination that stimulate children to learn. Thoughtful parents usually know intuitively whether Johnny is catching a spark from his teacher. These meaningful signs, however, are frequently ignored where they should be heeded most: school systems generally have failed to recognize the difference between good and bad teaching except at the most obtrusive extremes. Teachers' pay has been not only shamefully low but illogical; until recently no serious attempt to measure and reward teaching quality had been developed.

That higher salaries for teachers and compelling incentives to better teaching are within practical reach has now been demonstrated by the public schools at Glencoe, Illinois. In addition, the Glencoe program, which has been in operation for nearly a year, provides a needed tonic for the whole educational process. "You can't be half-hearted about your job here!" is the way one Glencoe teacher expresses it.

That is the way all teachers should feel about their work, Paul J. Misner, Glencoe's superintendent of schools, believes. Yet professional keenness has been tragically lacking among teachers. Building it up was one of the chief goals that Misner and the Glencoe Board of Education had in mind when they started some intensive fact-facing and fact-finding two years ago. Tempted by war-time wages in other fields, teachers were turning their backs on the profession in ever-increasing numbers. In three years the annual teacher turnover in Glencoe, where teachers' salaries were comparatively high, had risen from 5 to 20 per cent.

Obviously, teachers' salaries had to go up. But higher salaries alone would not accomplish other aims that Misner and some of the Glencoe board members had been thinking about for years. Something was wrong with the theory, as well as the level, of teachers' pay. Teaching was the supreme purpose of the entire school system, but salaries were so arranged that the only way a teacher could make more money was to become a supervisor or principal. In other words, the best teachers were paid a premium to stop teaching! Another thing that didn't seem right was the advancement program, under which teachers with a given amount of preparation were started at a certain salary, which was then increased yearly. "Seniority should be counted, of course," said Misner, "but we ought to be rewarding teachers for teaching better—not just for living longer." Moreover, the group realized, some women who are ill adjusted socially or emotionally actually deteriorate in teaching ability, instead of improving, as the years pass. Yet these teachers get automatic increases along with the others.

How, Misner and the Glencoe board asked, could you make sure that higher pay would buy better teachers, would prod teachers to strive for professional improvement? To help break this problem down, they called in Dr. Arthur B. Moehlman, professor of school administration at the University of Michigan and editor of *The Nation's Schools,* who is considered one of the country's leading specialists in educational finance and personnel. Dr. Moehlman studied the Glencoe schools for a year, concentrating on the measurements used to establish salary and salary-advancement schedules for teachers and other school personnel. If you could find a way to take the premium off becoming a supervisor or principal and put it on becoming a better teacher, he reasoned, you could

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provide the stimulus to superior performance that teaching, in contrast to more competitive occupations, has always lacked. Incidentally, then, you wouldn't need so many supervisors and special-service people, whose only function is to help the teachers teach, and you could pay higher salaries without spending much more money.

Like many modern schools, Glencoe had a teacher rating plan, providing regular checkups on teaching efficiency. Every year each teacher was given a descriptive rating evaluating her performance in the four principal areas of her work—personal-social relationships, pupil-teacher-relationships, community relationships, and professional development. Each teacher was also scored as to character, intelligence, vitality, emotional stability, professional competence, growth, and other pertinent qualities.

Rating plans are nothing new in public-school systems. For the most part, though, they have fallen into disrepute because in many cases the rating has been an arbitrary yardstick applied by a single supervisor or principal, often in a belated attempt to justify the dismissal of incompetent personnel. Many times, too, the rating has emerged as nothing more than an expression of the rater's personal feelings. Misner, however, had always believed firmly in ratings and used them intelligently. "A lot of educators think that teaching ability is too intangible to lend itself to any form of measurement," he says. "As a matter of fact, it is just because a teacher's effectiveness *is* such an intensely personal, elusive thing that I believe we must everlastingly try to analyze and evaluate teaching success as objectively as we can."

In Glencoe a teacher's rating was never left to the judgment of a single person. It was arrived at rather in a series of conferences among supervisors, principal, superintendent, and, significantly, the teacher herself. Self-appraisal by the teacher, in fact, is the keystone of Glencoe's democratic rating plan.

Because they had participated in the formulation and application of their own rating plan, Glencoe's teachers were ready for the revolutionary proposal that Moehlman and Misner ultimately made: Let's use ratings as the basis for determining salaries. Without a dissenting vote the teachers told them to go ahead and work it out.

As it emerged from several months of additional study, with the Board of Education taking part, the Glencoe plan has these main features:

1. *Teachers are employed on a twelve-month basis, instead of for ten months as in the past, but they are paid at the same monthly rate.*

This gave every teacher a 20 per cent raise right away. In addition, it accomplished other important objectives. Under the year-long program some teachers remain to direct the summer academic-recreation schedule that parents welcome as an addition to the school's community services. Others participate in local workshop activities to improve their teaching skills in the fields of art, music, dramatics, speech, science, and other subjects commonly assigned to special teachers. Some concentrate on curriculum studies and reviews of the year's teacher training, and some travel or attend advanced study sessions at a teachers' college. All these activities have one goal—better teaching. As a by-product, the teachers' summer program reduces the need for extra personnel for special services and thus loosens the budget for classroom teachers.

Actually, the twelve-month plan more than pays for the two extra months of teacher time. "We used to spend the month of May hunting for a summer job—and letting our school work slide," teachers confess. "We had to," they add, "and so do thousands of other underpaid teachers." That is one reason learning slows up in the closing weeks of every school year. Time is also wasted at the beginning of a school year, with a week or more devoted largely to getting organized and oriented—making lists, ordering texts and supplies, assigning lockers, and so on. Under the new plan teachers say that learning has momentum from the first day of school.

2. *Salaries for classroom teachers are determined on the same basis as those of special teachers, counselors, and administrators.*

For years public schools have paid lip-service to the obvious fact that the classroom teacher is the most important person in the educational process—but have paid more money to everybody else in the school, including, in some cases, the janitors. The Glencoe plan is making its concept of the classroom function stick by paying teachers, supervisors, administrators, and special-service people on the same basis. The starting level is determined by training; increases depend on competent performance. The teacher who stays in the classroom has the same earning opportunities as the one who aims for the principal's office.

3. *A single salary schedule eliminates sex differentials.*

"Equal pay for equal work" is another principle which has had obeisance but little practical recognition from educators. Little as men teachers have been paid, it has usually been more than their woman colleagues—a tacit acknowledgment that salaries were based not on professional contributions but on the going market price for people who would teach. Any merit plan would be destroyed or badly diluted at the outset, the Glencoe board realized, if this differential were continued. So Glencoe faced up to the educational alarmists who predicted that equal pay would only discourage men teachers. "Current school personnel practices are equally discouraging to men and women alike," was Misner's reply. "We're concerned with the improvement of teaching. We want to attract and retain the most competent teachers, and we think the way to do it is to reward them not on the basis of sex but on performance." The num-

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ber of his own men teachers—and of the others who want to get into the Glencoe school system today—is proof that he was right.

4. *All salary advancements are determined on open merit ratings established cooperatively by teachers, counselors, and administrators.*

Briefly, the salary-advancement schedule for teachers as worked out by Moehlman and Misner and put into operation last year by the Board of Education provides that within the appropriate classification according to preparation any teacher may earn increased compensation on the strength of superior professional spirit and ability, individual contributions of value to instruction or administration, or exceptional service to the community—all these to be determined by the merit-rating plan. In addition to annual increases given on the merit basis, a teacher is eligible for special merit awards, with accompanying bonuses, after three years' service. These awards are made for three-year periods, after which the conditions are reviewed to determine whether the extra compensation, which may amount to as much as 15 per cent of the teacher's annual salary, shall be terminated, modified, or continued.

This plan makes sense in an American community that is accustomed to paying for results. One Glencoe taxpayer who hasn't any children and had resisted every school-tax proposal for the last fifteen years wrote to Misner and offered to triple his tax contribution if necessary to guarantee continuation of the new setup. While that was not needed, the Glencoe board is convinced that most communities should pay much higher school taxes than they do, and would gladly pay them if they were assured that better education for their children would be obtained. However, careful projection of costs in Glencoe through 1960 indicates that the economies inherent in extending teacher effectiveness over broader areas will quickly catch up with the additional outlay required to finance the $800-to-$1,400 annual salary increases called for right away.

Educators who have studied the plan believe that this building up of professional self-respect will do more than anything else to bring into teaching the kind of men and women that the profession needs so desperately today. Better pay for teachers will help, of course, but most teachers and educators agree that recognition of professional ability is even more important.

Small-Town America

BY ALDEN STEVENS

VII. Dinuba, California

THE Bureau of Agricultural Economics, a fact-finding board for agricultural policy-makers and to some extent a policy-making organization itself, has been having trouble ever since Henry Wallace left the Department of Agriculture in 1940. First it was blamed for the setting of price ceilings for cotton and then for saying that Southern Negroes were learning organizing techniques from Northern Negroes. But it was its study of Dinuba, California, that brought down the killing blow.

Dinuba is a flat, well-paved Central Valley town, its pleasant, uncrowded bungalows set in grass and shaded by olive and palm trees. It is clearly prosperous, though there is a small slum area and the forty-three ramshackle buildings of a farm-labor camp across the tracks are occupied by Japanese families cultivating their own tiny vegetable gardens. On the main street is the inevitable Bank of America and a branch of the Security–First National. There are drugstores, variety stores, hardware, furniture, and electrical-appliance stores. For movies Dinuba has the State and the Pep. Along the tracks are a Del Monte and two other packing plants. Among the fourteen churches are a Methodist church, a Mennonite, a Mormon, a Seventh Day Adventist, a Nazarene, Aimee Semple McPherson's Foursquare, and a Korean Presbyterian. The town has no powerful labor organization and no important cooperative, but it has Masons, Odd Fellows, Rotary, Lions, and Wisemen.

In 1944 Walter Goldschmidt, a field worker from the Berkeley regional office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, was assigned to investigate the effect of large-scale farming on the people who do it. He made a comparative study of Dinuba and Arvin, another farming community a hundred miles south. These two areas were picked because normally the value of their products is almost exactly the same (about $2,500,000 in 1940), their populations are comparable (the Dinuba farming area 7,700; the Arvin area 6,500), and their actual cultivated acreages not too different (Dinuba 28,000, Arvin 41,000). In both regions high-value crops are grown by irrigation.

There are, however, important differences between the two towns. In the Dinuba area 34 per cent of the breadwinners are farm owner-operators, in the Arvin area only 11 per cent. In Dinuba 29 per cent are farm laborers, against 65 per cent in Arvin. Professional and white-

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collar people make up 16 per cent of Dinuba's population but only 8 per cent of Arvin's. Dinuba has twice as many business establishments and twice as many churches.

While there were a number of reasons for the variation, such as the greater age of Dinuba, the principal one was quite clear. Goldschmidt found that the size of the average farm around Dinuba was 57 acres and the average annual production $3,300; around Arvin it was 497 acres, with an average production of $18,000. In the Dinuba area there are almost no large operators, and in Arvin there are almost no small operators. Dinuba, with its paved streets, brick buildings, and furniture stores, is a small-family, straight-capitalist farm community. Arvin, with its dusty, poorly lighted streets, wooden shacks, and saloons, is a backward, semi-feudal industrial village.

Drawing by Golden

Arvin works mostly for Joe Di Giorgio, who is said to control more fruit land than any other man in the United States. In a WPA community building at Arvin is a bronze bust of Joe, who regards himself as a great benefactor of the town and its people, and who poses as just a poor immigrant boy and hard-working farmer. When Joe, flanked by high-priced lawyers and assuming a strong accent, testified before a Senate committee he said he was just a plain dirt farmer, not a "long-distance telephone farmer." (This is a fairly typical performance; one of Joe's contemporaries said to the Senate Commerce Committee: "I operate a family-sized farm. It is operated by my wife, my four children, and myself. It is composed of about 42,000 acres.")

Arvin has a two-lane pavement down the center of its broad main street. It has no other paved streets. To the casual tourist driving through, a Dinuba man's contemptuous description of it as just "a wide place in the road" seems accurate enough. You would never imagine that this impermanent-appearing collection of jerry-built shacks jammed together often two on a lot was in any way comparable with Dinuba. Yet the BAE figures show that it is. The difference in the homes is reflected in the fact that in Arvin only $103 is spent on furniture for every $100 spent on liquor, whereas in Dinuba $232 goes for furniture for every $100 for liquor.

The same volume of farm production supports about 15 per cent more people in the Dinuba area at a level of living, based on material possessions, approximately 34 per cent higher. In addition, social opportunities in Dinuba are far greater, as shown by the fact that it has five service and commercial organizations against Arvin's two, two fraternal organizations against none in Arvin, four active women's clubs against none in Arvin, and two scout troops, each with its own building, against one in Arvin with no building. As though to demonstrate the differences in social opportunity, Goldschmidt reports one Arvin farm operator planning to become an absentee landlord in order to give his children better surroundings, while a much-traveled business man selected Dinuba as the place to start his own enterprise because it seemed an ideal community in which to raise a family.

To top off the differences, Dinuba has been incorporated for forty years and thus makes local decisions by democratic methods. Arvin is unincorporated.

The comparison between Arvin and Dinuba has an important lesson for the nation. The Bureau of Reclamation has always had a regulation that no more than 160 acres of any one person's land may be irrigated from one of its projects. A man may irrigate additional holdings himself if water is available, but this is more expensive. Large California operators have been trying to get this rule set aside for the Central Valley project. Their desire to have unlimited cheap water is understandable, but from the national point of view the rule is desirable because it offers opportunity to many more farmers and the Dinuba study shows that owner-operated farms averaging as few as fifty-seven acres make for more prosperous citizens and a happier community than big industrialized operations employing larger numbers of hired workers.

This proof that small irrigated farms are better than large brought about a resolution by the directors of the California Farm Bureau Federation, friend of the big farmers, disapproving ". . . the personnel of the BAE spending a considerable portion of their time in preparing reports on various Central Valley study problems." In the next Department of Agriculture appropriation bill the following provision mysteriously appeared:

> No part of the funds herein appropriated or made available to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics shall be used for state and county land-use planning, for conducting cultural surveys, or for the maintenance of more than one worker in the respective regional offices.

Howard R. Tolley, realizing that the bureau he had built and directed was now stripped of its fact-finding ability and of its freedom, resigned as chief, and the usefulness of the bureau came virtually to an end. The Dinuba study, which showed that its small family farms make a better way of life than the large factory farms of Arvin, and that less than 160 acres of irrigated land is enough to support a family, was used to destroy one of the most honest and courageous organizations in Washington, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Wall Street's Nervous Breakdown

THE graph of stock averages for the past few weeks looks very like the profile of a cascade. Values have tumbled precipitately, come to rest precariously and temporarily on narrow ledges, and then sped downward again. Eventually the market will level out, but the point where this will happen does not yet seem to be in sight.

Is there any good economic reason for this break in the stock markets? I must confess that I have failed to find one among the many explanations by "authorities" that I have been reading. Like doctors baffled by lack of recognizable physical symptoms, they all, in the end, fall back on references to psychological conditions. Investors, we are told, are acting this way because they are suffering from "frustration" and "loss of confidence." But that leaves us asking why such neurotic tendencies should develop in the face of a situation which, objectively considered, appears highly promising. For business as a whole is good and shows signs of getting better as reconversion problems are ironed out. Employment has reached new highs, production is rising, retail sales continue to beat all records.

Nor can the situation be described as one of "profitless prosperity" when every day adds to the tale of increased dividends. It is true that a few industries which had been beset by a combination of labor troubles and material shortages—automobiles are the outstanding example—made a poor showing for the first half of 1946. But the earnings picture, taken all around, is extremely favorable and for many industries positively rosy. The *Journal of Commerce* has recently declared that no early decline in profits is in sight and that, in fact, earnings for the current half-year are expected to be higher than those reported for either the six months ending June 30 or the second half of 1945. In another business organ, *Barron's,* H. J. Nelson, contributor of a regular column on the stock market, pointed out on September 2 that "earning power is strong and bids fair to be stronger in the current half-year, notably in the case of railroads and heavy industries. It is to future earning power that the stock market always looks."

Since these words were written, the slump has come, and one can only conclude either that the market is expressing a disbelief in apparent future earning power or that it has been so scared by something that it is neglecting this normally important factor. One non-professional theory, put forward by Representative Sabath, is that the break has been caused by "bear raids" conducted in the political interests of the Republicans. There seems to be no evidence to support this suggestion. Figures published by the Securities and Exchange Commission show that during the month ending September 13 the short interest on the New York Stock Exchange declined from 732,649 shares to 627,946, the smallest total since January, 1943. This means that in the first days of the break the bears, as a group, were buying to cover sales made previously and thus were supporting rather than depressing the market.

In 1929 over-extended credit was an important factor in the collapse. The pyramiding of holdings on very slim margins had been carried to fantastic lengths, and when the bubble burst there was forced liquidation on a tremendous scale as speculators unable to keep their loans covered jettisoned stocks at any price. But during the bull market which began shortly after Pearl Harbor margin trading has not been of great significance, and for many months past new margin commitments have been prohibited. Hence involuntary liquidation has played a very minor part in the recent landslide. If investors have scrambled to sell, it is not because their bankers have been snapping at their heels but because they have sought to salvage profits or to cut losses.

It is strange, however, that at a moment when talk of inflation is filling the air, there should be such a rush to convert equities, which in effect represent goods, into depreciating currency. Nor is this puzzle solved by references to fears engendered by the international situation. For what could give a more powerful boost to the massive inflationary forces in existence than the outbreak of war?

Thus logic and economic analysis alike seem of small help in providing a convincing diagnosis of the market's ills, and like others I find myself compelled to seek psychological explanations. One thing to remember is the longevity of the late bull market. As it grew older many investors with large paper profits grew increasingly fidgety. Yet, in its final months this market exhibited particular virility, thanks mainly to the abolition of the excess-profits tax, which automatically doubled and trebled the profits of numerous concerns, and to lively anticipations of the great killing to be made from restocking war-stripped shelves.

Although, however, as I have already pointed out, that killing has been, and is being, enjoyed by many concerns, the return to normalcy has not been as immediate and uninhibited as many business men anticipated. The OPA and the unions have clouded the hoped-for unrestrained carnival of profits in a way that has, indeed, proved frustrating to numerous capitalists. Even those who have not actually been hurt in the least have been squealing so loudly that they have almost convinced themselves of their ruin. In short, Wall Street—using that expression in a much wider than geographical sense—may be said to have wailed itself into a nervous breakdown.

That, perhaps, should not worry the majority of people. But a market slump without economic cause will not necessarily remain without economic effects. In our society a stock-market depression can do much to slow down the whole economy both by checking consumption in the upper brackets—paper losses make investors feel poor even though their incomes are unaffected—and still more by frightening business men from expanding investments. Continued long enough, a break in the market often provides its own economic justification. Whether it will do so on this occasion, it is not yet possible to say, but failing an early recovery of nerve the outlook is ominous. KEITH HUTCHISON

P.S. Since this page went to the printer the market has rallied as a result of Wallace's dismissal—further proof of its irrational and neurotic behavior.—K. H.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Modest Expert

NORTH & SOUTH. By Elizabeth Bishop. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

ELIZABETH BISHOP is spectacular in being unspectacular. Why has no one ever thought of this, one asks oneself; why not be accurate and modest? Miss Bishop's mechanics of presentation with its underlying knowledges, moreover, reduces critical cold blood to cautious self-inquiry.

The adornments are structural, as with alliteration, contrast, and the reiterated word as a substitute for rhyme. And rhyme, when used, outshines restraint. Miss Bishop says, "icebergs behoove the soul," "being self-made from elements least visible . . . fleshed, fair, erected indivisible"; and of "snow-fort" "sand-fort" Paris at 7 a.m.,

> . . . It is like introspection
> to stare inside, or retrospection,
> a star inside a rectangle, a recollection:

One notes the difficult rhyme-scheme of Roosters, sustained through many stanzas: "Peter's sin was

> of spirit, Peter's
> folly, beneath the flares
> among the servants and officers.

Among the many musicianly strategies is an expert disposition of pauses; and the near-rhymes are impeccable, as in Wading at Wellfleet, "The sea is 'all a case of knives'

> Lying so close, they catch the sun,
> the spokes directed at the shin."

One has here a verisimilitude that avoids embarrassingly direct descriptiveness; when journeying from the Country to the City, for instance: "flocks of shining wires seem to be flying sidewise"; and direct description is neat, never loose, as when the asphalt is said to be "watermelon-striped, light-dry, dark-wet," after the water-wagon's "hissing, snowy fan" has passed. We find that enumerative description—one of Miss Bishop's specialties—can be easy and compact:

> Now can you see the monument? It is of wood
> built somewhat like a box. No. Built
> like several boxes in descending sizes
> one above the other.
> Each is turned half-way round so that
> its corners point toward the sides
> of the one below and the angles alternate.

The wake of the barge is foliage with "Mercury-veins on the giant leaves," always the accurate word; and sensation, yet more difficult to capture than appearance, is objectified mysteriously well:

> Alone on the railroad track
> I walked with pounding heart.
> The ties were too close together
> or maybe too far apart.

Miss Bishop does not avoid "fearful pleasantries," and in The Fish, as in the subject of the poem, one is not glad of the creature's every perquisite; but the poem dominates recollection; Anaphora does; and The Weed has so somber an authority, surrealism should take a course in it.

Dignity has been sacrificed to exactness in the word "neatly": "The mangrove island with bright green leaves edged neatly with bird-droppings like illuminations in silver"; and in Songs for a Colored Singer, where impulsiveness is the verbal machinery, has every phrase the feel of the rest of the words—the auxiliary verb "will" for instance? "And if I protest Le Roy will answer with a frown." Like Pyramus and Thisbe, however, ardor in art finds a way, and apostrophe *s* is the deft spelling for "is": "All we got for his dollars and cents/ 's a pile of bottles by the fence." The omission of three poems which appeared in "Trial Balances" is a loss—The Reprimand, and Valentines I and II.

Art which "cuts its facets from within" can mitigate suffering, can even be an instrument of happiness; as also forgiveness, symbolized in Miss Bishop's meditation on St. Peter by the cock, seems essential to happiness. Reinhold Niebuhr recently drew attention in *The Nation* to the fact that the cure for international incompatibilities is not diplomacy but contrition. Nor is it permissible to select the wrongs for which to be contrite; we are contrite; we won't be happy till we are sorry. Miss Bishop's speculation also, concerning faith—religious faith—is a carefully plumbed depth in this small-large book of beautifully formulated aesthetic-moral mathematics. The unbeliever is not ridiculed; but is not anything that is adamant, self-ironized?

> . . . Up here
> I tower through the sky
> For the marble wings on my tower-top fly.

With poetry as with homiletics, tentativeness can be more positive than positiveness; and in "North & South," a much instructed persuasiveness is emphasized by uninsistence. At last we have a prize book that has no creditable mannerisms. At last we have someone who knows, who is not didactic.

MARIANNE MOORE

Nehru's India

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA. By Jawaharlal Nehru. The John Day Company. $5.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is a great leader of people who has had numerous periods of leisure interspersed through a long career of public activity in which to meditate, generalize, and write about the causes to which he is devoted. These periods of leisure have been forced upon him by the government of India in nine confinements in jail. A man of reflection and unusual capacity for literary expression, he has used much of his imprisonment for writing, and he has produced three important books: "Glimpses of World History," his "Autobiography" (published in this country as "Toward Freedom"), and now "The Discovery of India." This last

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work, of nearly six hundred pages, was written during five months of the almost three years which constituted his latest term—August 9, 1942, to June 15, 1945.

The purpose of the present volume is to survey the past and present of India so as to assess the country's strength and weakness and its position in the world, but not in any academic fashion. The whole undertaking is in response to "the call of action . . . not action divorced from thought, but rather flowing from it in one continuous sequence." The course of action which he endeavors to indicate is at once national as constituting policy for India and individual as a directive for himself.

This purpose gives the book a very personal character, since Nehru is talking about himself as well as India. Some of the material is directly autobiographical, notably that which deals with his wife's death in Switzerland in February, 1936. More consists of an exposition of his personal philosophy, the springs of his activity, his response to mankind, individually or in the mass, and to nature, the moods developed by the sight or thought of the Bengal famine or by his imprisonment. Still more consists of informal essays, varying in length from a paragraph to several pages, giving his personal opinions on Indian or world institutions or cultural phenomena, from any period of history, appraising them in their time and locality and evaluating them for the present world, especially for India.

After a brief introductory section the book falls into two great parts. The first of these, 230 pages in length, treats India's past from the time of the Indus Valley civilization in the third millennium B. C. through the termination of Indian rule. The second, almost 300 pages long, deals with India as a British possession: the consolidation of British rule; the motives and methods of British administration; its effect upon the country; the rise, growth, and character of the nationalist movement and especially the Indian National Congress, with discussion of its social, economic, and political aims and some remarks about its leaders, more particularly Gandhi; characterization of other parties, especially the Moslem League, its viewpoint, which he regards as medieval and feudal, and its leader, M. A. Jinnah; India during the war; current problems.

The survey of India's past deals with humanistic, social, and technical data. It is in no sense a conventional treatment. Nehru is not a professional historian—he says so himself—and the professional historian would find the discussion unsatisfactory. The value of Nehru's discussion, however, is definite. Any topic which he happens to be considering he embellishes with his own opinions concerning its meaning today. For example, he shows that the discovery of the Indus civilization, first announced in 1924, helped to build up India's self-esteem by proving that the country shares the glory of antiquity with the Near East and China, but he makes it clear that Indians must not ignore the needs and opportunities of the present in day-dreaming about that or any other period of India's greatness. The religion of the Rig Veda was interesting and important around 1500-1000 B. C., but present-day efforts to resurrect it as a practical cult are futile. The system of caste, he admits, developed in response to the social and economic demands of ancient India, but excesses and corruptions became a part of it and have made it a liability, not an asset; it hinders India's advance, and must be abolished. The great message which he would give to India in this part of the book is "not to break with the past, and yet not to live in it; realize the present and look to the future." India's history, he says repeatedly, has had its periods of growth and periods of stagnation, and it has now been for some centuries in one of the latter. The growth came when there was a willingness to change, to accept new material and amalgamate it with the existing culture. That is India's need now. To Indians, who live close to their civilization, Nehru's linking of the past and the present must be most suggestive and instructive; even in a new country like our own, where tradition is a very young thing, appraisal of our religious, educational, and other social institutions is a perennial subject for investigators; but they are rarely examined by a man so close to his people, yet so rich in thought and word, as Nehru. To Westerners his treatment is perhaps the most illuminating ever published on the significance to India today of its inherited civilization.

In his long treatise on India under Britain Nehru again writes unconventionally, but with a better command of the source material. This is the part of India's history which bears most directly upon his mission. He writes in discursive fashion, speaking without any fixed order and with considerable repetition of the motives of British imperialism, the difference between the domination for exploitation which it practiced and the domination by India's previous conquerors, who settled in the country. He finds that Britain destroyed India's economy, both agricultural and industrial,

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encouraged feudal and antiquated systems of landholding, wiped out the old local village government, instituted a political administration divorced from contact with the people, supported and in some cases created Indian states, which as a class are a liability, and has in general been so indifferent to the interests of the country that it is impossible for India to remain in the British Empire (or Commonwealth of Nations) on any terms. These are all old propositions, but Nehru develops them with great eloquence and power. Such improvements as Britain has brought to India, in the way of railways or other modernization, he discounts as meant to further British exploitation. He summarizes the Congress's point of view in not giving the war vigorous support, in spite of its hostility to Germany, Italy, and Japan. He shows in an excellent analysis exactly why the Cripps proposals of 1942 were loaded with harm. Americans would do well to read these accounts to correct the misconceptions that still linger in many minds. He shows why the Congress objects to dividing India along the lines of "Pakistan," and tells how the Churchill government tried to destroy the Congress as a political force.

Nehru's main points are, first, that India is culturally a unit; the Hindu-Moslem antipathy he considers greatly exaggerated and largely produced by the British policies in India; it must be remarked here that he does not seem to give very convincing material for supporting the thesis that the two communities are or ever were sufficiently assimilated culturally to be regarded as one. He thinks, second, that India's greatness resulted from a combination of philosophic search and material development. Third, India is at present in a trough which has lasted for a number of centuries, and for which India itself must take full share of the blame. Fourth, India must exert itself to new creativeness so as to take its place in the modern world, and absolute prerequisites to this end are internal unity, which Indians can achieve if they wish, and complete freedom from Britain.

The true measure of Nehru appears in his international view of the world. Nationalism he regards as not in itself desirable, except as satisfaction of it must precede any cooperation of one country with others. For a country under foreign domination, he says often, nationalism cannot be ignored or displaced by internationalism. Nevertheless, he sees the larger goal clearly and predicts, in words written while the war was still in progress, much of the bickering between the allies that is now going on. As leader of India's new popular government he may be expected to throw his country's support to the promotion of his international aims. Emotionally as well as intellectually his interest is in mankind as a whole, not in a local group.

W. NORMAN BROWN

The Blind Men and the Elephant

G. B. S.—90. Edited by S. Winsten. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

EVERYBODY except the village idiot—and, reading some of this prose, you can feel none too sure of the exception—seems to have been invited to contribute words of praise for George Bernard Shaw on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. Some of the tributes, particularly those of the elders—Gilbert Murray, Max Beerbohm, Sidney Webb, H. G. Wells—are touching to the point of pathos; and some of the essays, notably those by C. E. M. Joad and Dean W. R. Inge, can be taken seriously; here and there, in many places, for that matter, one can find small nuggets for which to be grateful.

For example, Professor Edward J. Dent quotes our hero on the subject of Mahler's orchestra, with its brass "a huge tribe of mongrels, differing chiefly in size. I felt that some ancestor of the trombones had been guilty of a mésalliance with a bombardon; that each cornet, though itself already an admittedly half-bred trumpet, was further disgracing itself by a leaning towards the flügel horn; and that the mother of the horns must have run away with a whole military band."

Or James Bridie with a few words of sense in what seems to me a very silly effort indeed on Shaw as dramatist: "He has given us Alfred Doolittle, Androcles, General Gascoigne (*sic*), William the Waiter, Warwick, Bluntschli, Lady Cecily, Dubedat, Shotover, Lickcheese, Mrs. Warren and Ellie Dunn, and fifty more varied and living characters. His John Tanner is as good as Molière's Don in an entirely different way. I have no patience with people who say that Shaw can only create walking gramophones."

But, in general, it does not add up to very much of anything; judging the original by the tributes, one would be inclined to wonder what all the furor was about. Everybody takes a little segment, walks around it from the outside, feels it and handles it, like the story of the blind men and the elephant, and never gets to the total reality: the book comes out more fromage than homage. In particular, I think more might have been made of the emotion in Shaw's plays, the music, the poetry, the color, the great dramatic effects, extending even to the stage directions. Read, to see what I mean, the setting for the beginning of the first act of "Caesar and Cleopatra"; or study the magnificent fourth act, with its changes of light to the final curtain, the darkness, and the moonlight, and the tableau: "Ftatateeta is lying dead on the altar of Ra, with her throat cut. Her blood deluges the white stone." Or other scenes, in other plays: the shifting of the wind at Joan's entrance, interrupting the lovely lyric interlude between Dunois and the page; the wonderful description of the stage setting at the beginning of the epilogue in "Saint Joan"; the terrible irony of the *"Immenso Giubilo"* passage in "Major Barbara"—so many places: what do you mean, no emotion, no poetry, no drama, in Bernard Shaw?

Still, he frightens people. Karl Marx made a man of me, he said; so he frightens those who are frightened by Marx. Mozart, who showed him how to be profound without being gloomy, had something to do with it; so he frightens those who prefer Brahms. Their name is legion, unhappily, who cannot see "gaiety transfiguring all that dread," who cannot hear, as Gilbert Murray heard, the benevolence in the chuckle behind the holly bush. "Supreme strength," Chesterton wrote in "The Man Who Was Thursday," "is shown in levity," and he goes on to quote the Bible: "Why leap ye so, ye high hills?" Shaw has levity, in this sense, in the best sense of the word: lightness, and lift. The only words of his that ever gave me a sinking feeling were those at the end of the latest newsreel picture of him that I saw: "Goodby," he said, three

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times, "Goodby, goodby." Oh, no, stay for ever! We need you.

"This shall be written of our time," wrote Chesterton in his book on Shaw, "that when the spirit who denies besieged the last citadel, blaspheming life itself, there were some, there was one especially, whose voice was heard and whose spear was never broken." Amen. ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Lone Ranger Rides Again

TWO WORLDS. By William B. Ziff. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IT WOULD probably be sufficient to say of "Two Worlds" that Old Faithful is at it again, but that this time the ejected mud has a slightly different chemical composition and the colored lights Mr. Ziff turns upon the cloud of steam are of more lurid hues.

At any rate, the normal methods of reviewing a book can hardly be applied to this conglomerate ejaculation. Old Faithful does not state his axioms, present the facts, analyze their import in consecutive stages as other men do. He does all these things on every page, with varying degrees of explicitness and rigor, so that one is contantly listening, with diminishing aural tolerance, to the same complex of points. Nor does Mr. Ziff distinguish between his rational judgments and his emotional reactions, for they all have the same effect of maintaining thermal pressure. Facts, errors, allegations, oversimplified dramatizations of history, scraps of myth, infantile rationalizations, sound intuitions, and great lumps of realistic tufa whirl around in his volcanic caldron until the moment of release, when Boom! or Pouf! Then for a brief minute the mud of a new vision of order patters down upon one's clothes.

I am not being unfair. In two consecutive paragraphs on page 310 Mr. Ziff marshals his reasons for believing that the "Western" non-Russian world can be welded—with a North American blow torch—into an economic and military unity. They are: (1) The British, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders have a cultural outlook like our own. (2) Many of the Latin countries of South America are melting-pots, like the United States. (3) Brazil and Chile are European for the most part; Uruguay and the Argentine are almost purely European. Proof? See Point 4. (4) Perón had an English grandfather.

With his eye upon the newspaper, or at least the clippings, Mr. Ziff declares there are two worlds. Geographically these are the Eurasian and the Western world. Diplomatically they are or should be the Russian and the North American world. Politically they are to be considered as communist and capitalist respectively. The attempt to institute world government, Mr. Ziff says, can only lead to war, which will probably involve the defeat of America. Therefore America should neither fear Russian imperialism nor its methods but should go and do likewise. The United States should federate the Western world with the aid of Ziffian persuasion and a number of flattops. Then we should join with the Russians to federate the world.

Like Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Ziff has been reading *PM,* and he is therefore stuffed with understanding about Britain.

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Britain is cunningly trying to put over the idea that its commercial survival is necessary to America. At the same time, "Britain must be viewed as the most eastern extension of this hemisphere and, in certain respects, the key to its military defense." It is hopeless for Britain to try to restore its economy by nationalization, Mr. Ziff declares. Britain alone cannot defend the Empire; so it is "apparent that Britain can only be rescued by an act of voluntary renunciation which divested her of her Empire and caused her to become a working partner in a federate union of equals."

Is it unfair to suspect that Mr. Ziff, once a Five-World, now a Two-World man, is on the way to becoming a Non-Willkian One-World man, and that somewhere at the back of his boiler he thinks we should liberate Britain with a voluntary renunciation of its empire? On page 330 he writes, "We could settle the Argentine question with a minimum of effort by sending a few airplane carriers to the mouth of the Rio Plata, where an expeditious end would be placed to both Perón and his pretensions."

That the "Western bloc" in the U. N., unlike the "Soviet bloc," has no articulated common philosophy Mr. Ziff knows, and he quite properly argues that it is useless to oppose the Soviet dynamism with negative solutions. The basis for our philosophy must be a faith in the practice of free enterprise and the parliamentary system. But there is no sort of discussion in this book of what sort of strains the attempt to impose this faith in free enterprise upon European parliaments might produce. Analysis designed to discover whether free enterprise is economically practicable in Europe is also missing.

Mr. Ziff is aware that the two worlds would necessarily be military agglomerations. That does not frighten him, for he believes that "our" prosperity and force would be so impressive that the Russian dynamism would come to terms. I can swallow a gnat or two like a flattop off the Argentine coast, but I balk at too many camels on my plate at one helping. It is a gratuitous assumption that the two Ziffian vulcanisms, ideologically so different, so vast in their federal extension, spreading over such ambiguously turbulent areas as they must, would either federate or work together more peacefully than the world emerging from the public volcano of the U. N.

RALPH BATES

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FICTION IN REVIEW

Wishful Writing

I HAVE several times written in this column about the work of John Hersey as a very marked example of our recent political-literary tendency to reduce the complexity of the world to a series of easy choices between right and wrong social and personal attitudes. Irwin Shaw, whose short fiction frequently appears in the *New Yorker*, is another notable exponent of the same school of liberalistic over-simplification. There are twelve stories in Mr. Shaw's new volume, "Act of Faith" (Random House, $2.50), all on war themes. Even a brief synopsis of their content should indicate the facility with which they make their discriminations between human good and evil.

In Preach on the Dusty Road, a successful accountant, seeing his son off to war, wonders why he has spent his time trimming down the income taxes of his wealthy employers instead of working to save the world from its present doom. In Faith at Sea, a thirty-five-year-old naval lieutenant, sustained by the responsibility of his position and the confidence of his men, performs an appendectomy on a sick sailor. In Walking Wounded, a war-fatigued soldier contrasts the behavior of his gallant English wife and the war-profiteering of the women he meets in Cairo. In Retreat, a German major, retiring before the American advance on Paris, drinks beer with a French Jew and vainly protests his innocence of Nazi guilt. In Part in a Play, a French actor atones for the fact that he has played in the occupation theater by getting himself killed fighting the Germans. In Medal from Jerusalem, a German Jewess in Palestine scorns her Arab admirer and gives her love, and a St. Christopher medal, to a young Vermonter. In The Veterans Reflect, an American soldier, returning to his family in Chicago, is outraged by overhearing a rich business man insisting that the real danger in the world is Russia. In Act of Faith, a young Jewish soldier, whose friends have been persuading him to finance their leave by selling the Lüger he captured from a German, receives a letter from home describing the anti-Semitism in America; he wonders if it is wise to part with his gun, until he is reassured by the decency of his Gentile comrades.

This omits four of Mr. Shaw's stories—Gunner's Passage and Night in Algiers, which are merely fragmentary impres-

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sions, and Hamlets of the World and The Priest, which are the best stories in the volume and the only two which would be importantly minimized by so bald a summary. Hamlets of the World is about a young French officer, under Vichyite orders to resist the approaching American forces, who is killed by his men because he has no way of telling them what they are so anxious to hear—that he too wants to join the Americans instead of fighting them. The Priest is about a Jewish underground fighter, disguised as a priest, who has to give absolution to a devout Catholic comrade about to be executed by the Nazis. These two pieces alone, among the stories in "Act of Faith," seem to me to make more than their pedagogic point; they are the only stories in the volume that suggest that it is often not enough merely to be on the correct side in the struggle to save the democratic decencies.

But the clear moral oppositions in Mr. Shaw's stories—self-interest versus conscientious citizenship, sexual frivolity versus marital devotion, fighting the Nazis versus collaboration, and so on—are not the only evidence of the simplicity of his view of life. There is also Mr. Shaw's approach to the characters through whom he reads his lessons. It is worth noting that such small human complexity as Mr. Shaw can admit at all, he admits only in his "foreign" characters, in his Frenchmen or Germans or Arabs. His English and American soldiers are as unindividualized as figures in a poster. Young or old, officer or enlisted man, Jew or Gentile, they are virtually the same man—the composite clean, sincere, decent product of the best civilization in the world. In some part, perhaps, this sameness may be a result of Mr. Shaw's habit of understatement; in the Hemingway line, Mr. Shaw is addicted to few words and unannounced feelings, and there is nothing like this manner of terse brevity to create the illusion—even in a drunk—of clear-eyed reliability. Rather more significantly, it derives, I think, from the deep impulse to idealization. Of course the chauvinism implied in this much idealization is not unexpectable in war time. The formulation of mass ideals may even be a necessary work of war propaganda—and if one must have recourse to "types," I suppose Mr. Shaw's young Anglo-Saxon democratic fighter is not a bad type. The important thing is not to confuse this kind of poster drawing with art, which makes its generalizations by the nicest selection among particularities.

On the other hand, because Mr. Shaw's pieces fall so far short of the literary stature that is claimed for them, they must not be thought of as reporting, however first-hand may be the experience from which they stem—as, that is, true reporting, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. In the last few years we have been developing in this country a new kind of journalism, whose method is first to contrive the scene and then to record it. If we wish, for example, to "report" the typical white-collar worker's home, first we decide what we think such a home *should* look like; and if the real house on which we finally train our camera fails to conform to this ideal, there are always screens, filters, angles to help us get the desired view. Platonic journalism, one might call it; and *Life*, which each week gives us the flat, false, bright face of America, all the wrinkles removed or only such careful wrinkles introduced as will denote the honest American effort, is its most successful practitioner. It seems to me to be no accident that a novelist like John Hersey got his start on *Life*, and that one so quickly connects Mr. Hersey's work and Mr. Shaw's. I have the impression that the author of "Act of Faith" knew just what a war against fascism should look like before ever he went to it. There is nothing in his stories to indicate that a complicated reality was allowed to affect this ideal.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

IF I were to review the English-made "The Notorious Gentleman" fairly, I could say in its favor that it contains a well-filmed rescue from drowning; that a new girl whose name I missed but who is, I gather, the wife of the star, Rex Harrison, is unusually lovely in her role as a Viennese refugee and is quite sensitive and quite possibly an actress as well; and that there are funny moments on a British coffee plantation and during the course of a quarrel between an adulterer and a cuckold. I could add that an attempt was made here, unusual only inasmuch as it is seldom carried so far in movies, to make the old-fashioned cad interesting and attractive—a job which was done better in "The Scoundrel"—and to use him as an instrument, crowbar rather than scalpel, for social comment. I would have to add that nothing about this attempt seemed to me as interesting as the fact that it was made; that that fact, in turn, did not interest me much; and that the comedy and satire and social comment, such as they are, seemed to me to struggle as in a rip-tide against crude writing, cruder pantomime, and the almost ethereal complacency of the film's low-grade sophistication. I would say, too, that except for the way he overrates it, Mr. Harrison is good at his job.

Having written what seems to me a fair review, if only in the subjunctive, perhaps I ought to let it go at that. But I can't. Most of the people I know who have seen the film in preview think so well of it that I am all but sure it will get a reputation it doesn't deserve. Although, as is perhaps immodest to point out, the whole of the movie world waits trembling from fortnight to fortnight to learn from this column what should or should not be done next, I am afraid I can't prevent the development of this false reputation; that will occur mainly among intellectuals. But at least I can throw spitballs.

The film tells the story of one of those irresistibly forgivable and seductive top-drawer skunks, worthless in all of an interminable series of relationships and dangerous in some, who turns out to be just what our side needs once he gets into a war. It is even strongly suggested that the war couldn't have been won without his kind; and it is more slyly suggested that it is the glory and the all-sufficient vindication of the upper classes to have bred such queen-bees. Well, I doubt it. For one thing, this type is international, including the enemy nations, and so might be supposed to cancel out in battle, like love of home and family, and God, who backs every horse if you ask the horse's opinion, and adoration of those lofty principles for which all nineteen sides and all seventy-one satellites are so devoutly bashing each other's brains out. Then, too, if the opportunities for enlightened self-interest are anything like as handsome in war as in peace, most men of this kind can be particularly well counted on to take advantage of them: for if they have a single virtue which distinguishes them from the cloddish bulk of the race, it is that, having nowhere to go that is more comfortable, they seldom betray their own natures. Then again it is popularly assumed, for heaven knows what self-accusatory reason, that whatever crimes they commit one has to like these scoundrels, because they are so devilishly charming. I doubt that too. They might have all the charm of Lucifer asking to stay up till nine, and one need not—must not—go cross-eyed over their innocent little cruelties; but do they really have charm? It may be that most people of extravagant charm are to some extent criminal; but few criminals, even of the type whose chief weapon is charm, have more of the genuine faculty than it takes to give themselves animal self-confidence enough to knock over the next victim. They may deceive themselves and this victim—not to mention their author. But unless the author is on to them—as he isn't in this movie—I find their crimes and their overrating of themselves as far from charming to watch in fiction as in actual life. Or yet again it is generally assumed that these hypnotists are as a rule well born, whereas the most efficient fake ones I have seen, and one or two of the real ones, are diamond-eyed, ravenous, climbing snobs—generally homosexuals manqués—whose fiercest compulsion is explained by their origin in the lintiest, most respectable under-bed obscurities of the lower middle class. And even if all I have argued were wrong, and the upper classes did indeed breed these indispensable men, I would not feel that that vindicated either the class or the fatuous and cruel peace-time career or, for that matter, even the stupid glory of murdering supernumeraries of some other camp. I would feel rather that considering all that this class had done toward and in indifference to the rest of us, in

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peace, in war, and in helping the world over the low hump from one to the other, breeding saviors who weren't even saviors would be the very least that might be expected, and an apology that no gentleman would make, at that. Nor could I be dissuaded if the film pointed out to me, as this one tries to, the deadly blockishness of the merely plebeian and serious-minded. I know much more about that than they know how to show, being myself plebeian and, much as I regret it, rather too serious-minded as well. When I see intelligent people missing these points and deceived by this film, and remember that most of them have been involved in the past seven years much more intimately than I have, I wonder more wistfully than ever about substitutes for Byrnes and Truman, or what rude beast could possibly be rude enough to suspect what time of day it really is.

I feel all the more annoyed about all this because I do recognize that at its best the Don Giovanni type is one of the most wonderful kinds of human being. Such a man is as a rule, though not invariably, well born and even better bred. He is, as a rule, one of the few excuses that his own class or any other can make for itself—rarely though it avails itself of that privilege. And he has genius for careless, skilful, and gallant action which is most often exercised on the way to bed with some unfortunate or, more rarely, in a work of art or politics, but which I presume must in a very few individuals find its most brilliant expression in war. (In war, the conventional or even the stuffy aristocrat is probably just as often just as good—and there are lots more of them.) If such a man were adequately presented and explored in a movie, and if the merely sincere or scientific or humanitarian man were measured against him, the world would have at hand so much useful knowledge that, if only it knew how or dared to use it, I would not be writing this review and you would not be reading it, nor would any of those who were about to decide it would be criminally insane to invent the wheel and the lever care whether or not the foregoing clause is anticlimactic. But it takes a great artist to present such a man (I remember no example of the full, contrasting job): Mozart presented him in "Don Giovanni," and Byron, more spottily, in "Don Juan"; on a high, though less inspired level Shaw has been doing it most of his life. But smaller people seldom get away with it. Waugh did, by reducing the type to pure meeching horror in "A Handful of Dust"; but the reality of Basil Seal becomes as arguable as the uses he is put to in "Put Out More Flags." The people who made "The Notorious Gentleman" are much farther below Waugh than he is below Mozart or even Byron. Considering how supremely this job has been done a few times, and how often it has been done much better than here, how can anyone care for this version? As the makers of this film miscalculate their materials, every truth becomes an annoying half-truth, and every half-truth a clumsy lie, and only the very generous and the very hungry can mistake the scarcely understood intention for the generally boggled deed. They fell so far short of their best intentions that some of the enthusiasts I have argued with think of the whole show as just an amusing lot of froth. Discounting the adjective, they are probably right. Froth on a pool that beasts would cough at; but profounder, thirstier people, who surely know better, whoosh it aside, and drink deep.

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Letters to the Editors

Bombs Away?

Dear Sirs: I agree with *The Nation* that it is urgent to have effective international control of atomic weapons, along the lines advocated by Mr. Baruch and the Lilienthal committee. I would, however, question the value of your suggestion that the United States stop making the bomb while negotiations are in progress.

If the United States were to announce that it had stopped making the bombs, do you suppose the Soviet government would believe it? How would you go about convincing it? If the Gromyko proposal for a mere pledge is impossible, what greater charm would there be in a unilateral announcement?

What would it mean—"to stop making the bomb"? Would it mean stopping short only at the final act of assembly, which is possibly a mere twist of the wrist? How long would this suspension hold? If negotiations failed and manufacture were resumed, how would it look? If negotiations were protracted, at what point would we begin to suspect that other countries had begun to manufacture their own bombs? How about our stockpiles? If we stopped manufacture but kept our stockpiles, wouldn't some people conclude that further manufacture was superfluous? Would you destroy our stockpile? What would "destroy" mean? Detonate or disassemble for ten-minute reassembly?

Your proposal had a great deal of value for world public opinion, certainly much more than for its influence on the Soviet attitude. But does the

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secret have to be given away free? Is that effective bargaining? Wouldn't it be better to make the continued manufacture of the bomb an avowed item of negotiation? Wouldn't it advance us farther if the United States were to announce that it would cease manufacture of the bomb as soon as the Soviet government took the first step toward effective world control? ROBERT TILOVE

Pittsburgh, Pa., September 10

History Lesson

Dear Sirs: The admirable suggestion of Leonard Gordon to purchase Palestine with the $300,000,000 it has been proposed to give the Arabs reminds me that when I lived in France I heard it said that Napoleon once offered to buy Palestine from the Jews for a million francs. They disregarded the suggestion on the ground that prophecy had declared that the nations of the world would give Palestine to the Jewish people as their birthright.

It might be well to recall the history of Palestine. From archaeological research and Old Testament history we learn that the Hebrews settled in Palestine about 1400 B. C. and dominated its history for about fifteen hundred years. It was the center of pilgrimages during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries A. D. when it was a stronghold of Christianity, until taken by the Moslems in 636. In the eleventh century the struggle between the Christians and Mohammedans resulted in the Crusades, and Jerusalem was taken by Godfrey de Bouillon and became a Christian capital until the sixteenth century, when it was conquered by the Turks. It remained under Turkish rule from 1517 until 1918.

Great Britain was given the mandate over Palestine by the League of Nations in trust for the Allied powers.

R. PIZA-MENDES

Rye, N. Y., September 8

Stieglitz Issue

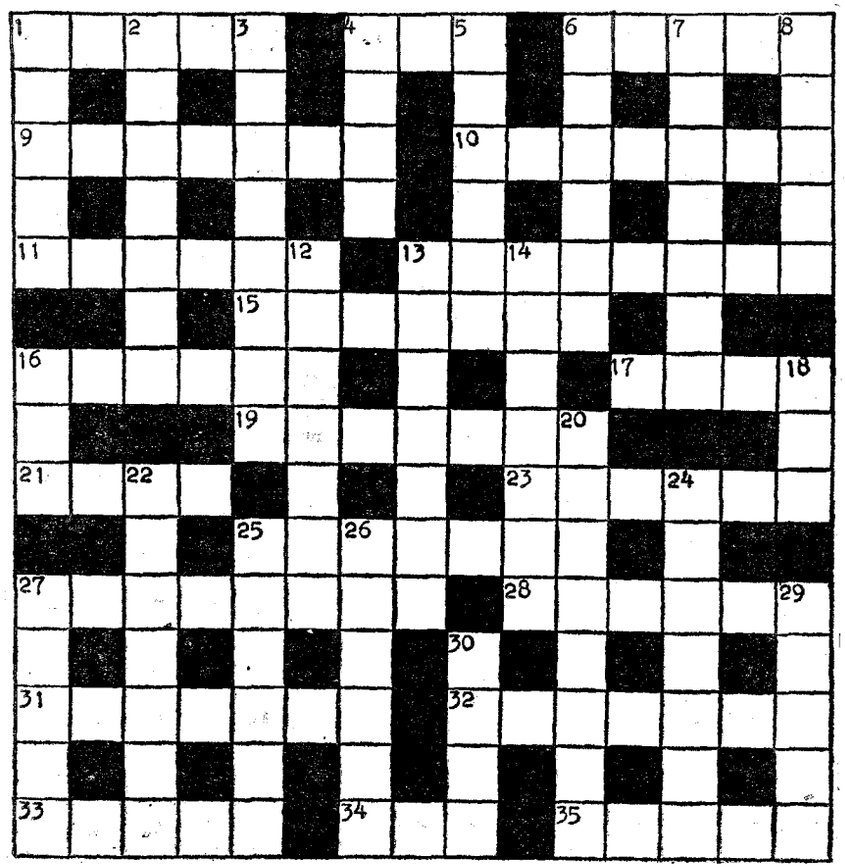
Dear Sirs: I am now preparing a special issue of *Twice a Year* to be devoted to Alfred Stieglitz, America's foremost photographer, who died July 13, 1946, and wish to include those of his letters or passages therefrom that are of general interest. All material will be carefully respected and returned at the earliest possible moment. Material should be sent to *Twice a Year*, 509 Madison Avenue, New York City.

DOROTHY NORMAN

New York, September 12

Crossword Puzzle No. 180

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Take off
4 Disembowel
6 A change from a sewer for the rats of Hamelin
9 Brass hat
10 Mean fifty in wretchedness
11 Part of a gun-carriage to which horses were attached
13 Reed cane (anag.)
15 It lightens the ship's load
16 Frank performed after professing ability
17 A capital performance that goes wrong
19 How Dean Ord came to be decorated
21 "The greatest pleasure in life," he said, "is to do a good deed in secret and have it discovered by accident"
23 Wave hardly likely to sweep us off our feet
25 Petty officers in the Church, not the Navy
27 Lovers love to do it
28 Strait-laced
31 Just give your mind free rein
32 We acquire this bit of knowledge as we grow older
33 Conscious
34 Nearly sunk, yet rises again and again
35 The best cloth for country wear

DOWN

1 Great emperor
2 Native of the Isle of Man
3 Alien corn was too much for her
4 Proverbially good
5 Outstanding performer at outdoor evening concerts
6 He represents no economy of manpower
7 Hot place for a political conference
8 Having rays, deary
12 Shot full of holes
13 A case of suiting the action to the word
14 Venerates
16 Here's the pass, Colonel!
18 Oh, it's nothing to us!
20 Region which is extremely nice for the most part
22 The Mountain State
24 A thorn in the flesh
25 Are such people easily cowed?
26 Haunts of the pin-up boys
27 Country that would appear most vulnerable to bombing attack
29 It goes upstairs
30 A pair, or one of a pair

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 179

ACROSS:—1 GILBERTIAN; 6 BALD; 10 MAGNETO; 11 GRAMPUS; 12 UNSTABLE; 13 PROSE; 15 HOSTS; 17 NEWCOMERS; 19 TORTOISES; 21 TORSO; 23 LOCUM; 24 OMADHAUN; 27 INTERNE; 28 RAGLANS; 29 ELSA; 30 MARSHINESS.

DOWN:—1 GUMP; 2 LEGENDS; 3 ELECT; 4 TROMBONES; 5 ARGUE; 7 APPROVE; 8 DISTENSION; 9 LAMP POST; 14 CHATELAINE; 16 STORMERS; 18 WISEACRES; 20 RECITES; 22 ROULADE; 24 OPERA; 25 HUGLI; 26 ASPS.

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